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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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The Girl of the Mountains.

THE stranger rose, "I leave you with reluctance; may heaven preserve you and your lovely daughter: Providence this day has saved both you and me."

"Where does he live?" asked ADELAIDE —"On the side of the mountains, sometimes, and often at a much greater distance."

This answer did not seem satisfactory to her, and she repeated her questions till he grew tired and embarrassed, and gave her to understand that they were troublesome. She desisted, but the whole day and following night, she thought of little else than the stranger.

Mean time, DUPONT was a prey to the most cruel uneasiness; his retreat was discovered, and by a man who appeared under the most suspicious circumstances, who had silently acquiesced in the intentions of the others to murder him; and though he owed his life to him, yet there lay a degree of guilt attached to him in his first proceedings. His ADELAIDE too, was exposed to a thousand unpleasent occurrences, if he repeated his visits. How bitterly did he accuse his imprudent evening ramble, which had been productive of such additional perplexities.

He passed a sleepless night, and rose more unrefreshed and unhappy than ever. Poor ADELAIDE viewed him with grief and tenderness.

"My dear father," said she, "tell me are you ill? Did any thing happen yesterday that has made you more uneasy; Ah! pray conceal nothing from me: I can bear any evils, so that I have you with me. You know I am not weak and timid, when called upon to exert myself."

"I know, cried DUPONT, embracing her, "that you are good and dutiful, my dear ADELAIDE; and I own to you, that 'tis on your account I feel additional anxiety. My imprudence the other evening has opened my eyes to the danger to which you are exposed, should any accident happen to me.—Alas my child, in this wide world I know not one person that can be interested for you but myself.

ADELAIDE sat for some moments without speaking—at last, she raised her tearful eyes to her father; "'Tis I then, unhappy as I am, that occasion all your sorrows; I hoped my cares and tenderness would tend to lighten them; but I feel that you are right, for what I endured that dreadful night, from apprehension for your safety, and the wretchedness that must befall me when deprived of my beloved parent, convinces me that my situation is dangerous, and that your anxiety for me must double every woe you feel.

"You wish I had not been taken from the convent.—When I was thoughtless and happy, that retirement was my aversion: you, sir, have improved my understanding, and mifortunes have taught me to think more justly. Will any convent receive me, portionless as I am? If one can be found that will afford an asylum for your unhappy ADELAIDE, my dear father I am ready to relieve the oppression of your mind, your tender anxiety for me, and to spend the remainder of my days in a cloister.'

DUPONT was excessively affected by the good sense and tenderness of her reply: "My dearest child," said he, "heaven forbid that I should wish you to be secluded from the world, when only affection for me, and not inclination, urges you to seek refuge in a cloister.—No, 'tis a temporary retirement only, I am desirous to procure for you; proscribed by mine enemies, I dared not enter into any situation that hazarded a discovery of my existence.

The entrance of the stranger, with a bundle under his arm, *interrupted their conversation.*

DUPONT did not look a welcome; the other saw it.

"Forgive my intrusion," said he "and the liberty I have taken of bringing a few trifles for the accommodation of your daughter.

He laid down his bundle without waiting for an answer, and was out of sight in an instant. DUPONT and his daughter were strangely surprised, and for a moment motionless; but curiosity impelled ADELAIDE to open the parcel; it contained some fine linnen of every sort requisite for a female, and two dresses. The honour and integrity of DUPONT was immediately alarmed; he had no doubt but these necessaries were spoils taken from some unfortunate female robbed, perhaps murdered; horror was in the idea, but he could not communicate it to ADELAIDE; yet was resolved she should not accept of them.

"My child," said he, "these things become not our situation, and to accept favours from strangers, is wounding both to delicacy and pride."

"You speak my very sentiments," replied she, "I feel humbled in the offer, though the intention and manner was obliging. Ah; sir, lose no time to procure me an asylum; I see the absolute necessity of it. But from whence," said she, recollecting herself, "did he bring this linnen? How did he procure it? 'Tis not new, though perfectly good.

She paused, lost in thought; DUPONT was much hurt.

"He may be unfortunate like us; he may be a criminal; I would not be unjust in my conjectures; but a young man like him should seek employment, if he is unfortunate, and not degrade himself by a pleasant's habit, which suits not his language."

"Perhaps," said ADELAIDE, "he may have a mother or sister that he supports; 'tis unfair to judge severely, when unacquainted with his situation,"

"'Tis so," returned DUPONT, "and I am not apt to conclude unfavourable of any man, without some reasons that justify me to myself for so doing."

ADELAIDE looked at her father with surprise and emotion, but made no reply; the parcel was tied up, and placed ready to be re turned to the donor. She resumed her little domestic arrangements, while DUPONT shut himself in his room, to consider what steps he should take to depart from his cottage, and elude the observation of Deplissis, as he had announced himself.

He saw no method to pursue for the safety of his child, but to place her in a monastery; and that could not be done without money,

Perplexed and uneasy, contrary to his general rule, he walked out, and with much labour ascended the mountain, to reconnoitre the country, and judge of the road towards the direction where the monk's habitation stood. After considering for some time, he saw there must be a nearer way round the foot of the mountains, on the opposite side from the one he had taken through the wood, and he determined to prepare for his departure from the cottage, in a few days.

He returned to his ADELAIDE, he found her more than commonly melancholy; his own feelings were in unison with her's; he was again to become a wanderer, to trust uncertain prospects, and incur many inconveniencies, perhaps dangers; but the certain unpleasant events that appeared inevitable, if he remained in his present retirement, left him no alternative but to seek the monk's assistance.

The next morning Deplissis appeared at the door with an air of diffidence and embarrassment; he had scarcely saluted them, before ADELAIDE retired to her little garden; his eyes followed her.

"Is not your daughter well," said he, "or have I the misfortune to displease her? She looks not with that serenity I saw in her countenance yesterday."

"Your penetration is just," replied DUPONT, "she is humbled by the present you brought yesterday, doubtless with a kind intention, but we have not been accustomed to receive *favors*, therefore you must not be offended if I desire you to resume them; that parcel displeases and hurts ADELAIDE."

"What!" cried Deplessis, "do you call such insignificant trifles, *favors*? And can your lovely daughter disdain such poor accommodation, useless to me, and of no value in themselves, but what must arise from the difficulty of procuring such in this place."

"The estimation of a favor must depend upon the feelings of the person intended to be obliged," replied DUPONT.

"You grieve and humble me," replied Deplissis; "I intend to ask *favors of you*, but you repress my inclination, by the severity with which you treat the simple offering of friendship."

"If I can serve you," said DUPONT, "speak freely, there is a material difference between the acceptance of favors, and the pleasure of being useful to a fellow creature."

"True," returned the other, with some spirit, "you have given me a painful lesson on that subject, and therefore 'tis that I must now be silent."

"You will remember," said DUPONT, that I owe my life most probably to your humanity. to me, wretched as I am, an invaluable favor while my child exists: were she safe from a false ungrateful world, the stroke of death would be a stroke of mercy, of exultation."

"I know not," said Deplessis, "how to answer you; you remind me of a circumstance that covers me with shame, confusion, and remorse; that day has produced effects in my mind, that you can have no conception of; it has stimulated me to lay my heart, and all my errors before you; to ask your advice, to follow your counsels; but you have wounded and disconcerted me."

"Surely unintentionly," answered DUPONT, "if I can serve or assist you, believe me, that in every thing that becomes a man of honor, you may command me."

"Well, sir," said Deplissis, "I will, I must put you to the proof; judge me with candor and compassion; little as I have seen of you, it has been in such interesting circumstances, that I have as much confidence in your integrity and honor, as if I had known you for ages. I will not now press upon you, but if you will meet me to-morrow morning at the foot of the mountain, the projection of which conceals your cottage, we may then have an uninterrupted conversation; mean time think favourably of me, and permit that parcel to remain in any corner, as I cannot now, with safety to myself, take it back."

Throwing a lingering look at the garden door, as if to catch one glaace of ADELAIDE, he left the cottage with an air of sadness, that made its way to the heart of DUPONT.

"Poor young man," cried he, "he has been unfortunate, and guilty, there is little doubt; 'tis my duty to serve him if I can; but I see the necessity of hastening the departure of ADELAIDE to some place of safety, whatever plan I may be induced to adopt for myself. If this breaking heart survives long enough to 'see that dear object sheltered from the falseness and duplicity of the world, with what transport will my soul take wing, to be reunited to the angel I have lost.

Recollection became too painful; he rose to seek for his ADELAIDE, but without communicating to her, the particulars of his conversation with Deplessis; he merely observed that he believed the young man's intentions were good, and that he should know something more about him to-morrow: "Not," added he, "that any thing relative to him can be of consequence to us, and I hope two days hence we shall leave our peaceful retreat. I know not whether to regret or rejoice that its being known obliges me to seek an asylum elsewhere.

She said little in return.

The remainder of the day passed heavily, neither seemed inclined to talk, and DUPONT shortened his accustomed evening's ramble, that he might not encrease ADELAIDE's melancholy by his absence.

At night they had retired to their apartments, though not to sleep; perplexing ideas disturbed both, the retrospection of the past, and the uncertainty of the future, almost distracted DUPONT; when his attention was suddenly drawn by a noise at the door of his cottage; alarmed at a circumstance which had never happened before, he started from his bed, when in the same instant, he heard the door forced open, and he saw two men coming through the outer apartment. Terror precluded speech, a faint cry involuntarily burst from his lips, and in the same moment they seized him: naked, and defenceless as he was, one of the cowardly assassins stabbed him twice, and he fell senseless on the ground. The poor affrighted ADELAIDE, hearing a noise, had sprang from her bed, threw some clothes about her, and opened the door just to see her beloved parent fall; the blood gushed from his wounds in torrents. She shrieked and flew towards him, attempted to speak,

the words died on her lips, and she sunk senseless on the body.

When her senses returned, before reason had resumed its powers, she looked wildly round, and on the objects before her. "Where, oh where am I?" she cried, then seeing two men, she instantly recollected the dreadful scene that had passed, and springing up, "Oh, my father! my beloved father! bring him to me, or let me go to him!"

The men held her—"You must rest content here, my pretty maid, your father is dead, he can tell no tales; you will live happy here, if it be not your own fault."

She fixed her eyes upon him, "Dead! dead!" she exclaimed. "Oh misery; my father dead! if you have humanity, kill me also, and I will forgive you."

"That indeed would be a pity: no, no, pretty one, a better fate, and a pleasant life shall be your's."

She clasped her hands in inexpressible agony; no tears fell from her eyes, her bosom heaved with heavy sighs, and again her senses fled; she continued so long in this state, that the villains began to apprehend their victim had escaped them; but alas! it was only a temporary suspension of misery, she returned again to the knowledge of her bitter misfortunes, and found that she was laid in a bed, in a kind of cave, which seemed to be hewn out of the rock which hung over her.

One of the men offered her some wine, she rejected it with a trembling hand; "Tell me, I conjure you," said she, "am I not in a fearful dream? Can it be possible that you have murdered my father? Is he dead, and am I left miserable and an orphan? Oh tell me, that I am in a dream indeed!

The wretches laughed aloud; "Why sure, my dear," said one of them, "you have been accustomed to amuse yourself with very pretty fancies, if you take all this to be a dream. Undeceive yourself, 'tis a downright reality; your father was killed to secure ourselves, but you have done us no wrong, therefore you shall live with us and enjoy life."

ADELAIDE shuddered as she looked on the villain that spoke, "What can you mean?" said she "Who are you? What wrongs could my dearest father do you? Why was his precious blood spilt to secure you?

"Who we are is nothing to you, we once spared your father's life, and he rewarded us by enticing our companion from us, and we were to be the sacrifice. Do you think we have not watched his visits to you? Do you suppose we were unacquainted with his thefts from our property to adorn your pretty person? No, no, he has paid for his desertion from our party, and we are rewarded by the company of his mistress."

"What," cried ADELAIDE, inconceivably surprised, "was the peasant who came to our cottage, a companion of yours."

"Oh, oh," replied he, "what the rascal was ashamed of his friends, was he, or do you affect ignorance?"

"No," said she, "I know not where he came from, but if you have any humanity, let me go to my dear father, dead or alive, let me pay my duty, bathe his wounds with my tears, and if he is dead, let me expire on his bosom, and I will thank you."

"You ask impossibilities," answered one that had not yet spoken, "all aid to your father is fruitless, necessity and self preservation demanded his death; but you may live happier with us than confined with an old man."

ADELAIDE looking up towards heaven with an eye of inexpressible anguish, imploring its protection, or instant death: grief and despair gave her courage, she wished to provoke their rage; "Cruel men!" cried she passionately, "you have destroyed the worthiest, and most unfortunate of mankind: murderers as you are, complete your work, give me death also, for if I live, I will pray for vengeance on you; I will proclaim your cruel deeds to all the world!"

"For that you will have our leave first," replied one of them, "and when you escape from us, the world may hear your cries. Come Lesare," said he to the other, "let us convey this threatening girl to her room, there let her proclaim what she pleases."

They laid hold of her, she screamed and struggled, but how unequal was her resistance to the determined will of two robust men; she was carried through an aperture into another cave of larger extent, which had conveniences of seats, tables, and other necessaries.

"This," said Lesare, seating her, "is your saloon, your bed-room is still farther on; here you may live happy, but you will no more see the sun, until you have learnt to be content with your situation."

He might have talked on, what he said, suspended every faculty of life in the unhappy ADELAIDE; she fixed her eyes wildly upon him, without appearing to look or breathe, her senses were stagnated; they saw her disorder, and threw some vinegar upon her face, the shock and the spirits recovered her from that torpid state; she sighed heavily, and then fell back fainting in her chair.

The wretches soon recovered her.

But these men, accustomed to plunder, and to kill, were more iron-hearted than the wild inhabitants of the woods; they knew no pity, and the passion she inspired, was like themselves violent and horrid. That companion they boasted to have sacrificed, had been the only check upon their cruelties; he had preserved more than one life, before he met with DUPONT, but he was no more, and the unhappy ADELAIDE saw her miseries were inevitable.

She entreated them to pity an unfortunate orphan, who never did them wrong, and was now unconnected with a single being that had the power to serve her.

She addressed them in general but the supplicating eye stole towards Lesare.

"Compose yourself," said he, "submit to the misfortunes you cannot escape from; custom will make this place agreeable to you in time, and you will find us disposed to make you happy."

Refreshments of various kinds were placed before her, and they withdrew to the outer room.

Near two hours she was permitted to be alone; she knew not the situation of the place she was in; her insensibility, when she was hurried away, effectually prevented her from any knowledge of the road.

She saw the apartments were hewn out of the rock, and that she was entirely secluded from the light. She looked round the room, or rather cave; she saw several bundles piled one upon another, and some silver ornaments,

Whilst she was making this survey, the two men entered the aperture of communication.

They brought her some excellent soup, and requested she would eat! she made the effort in silence, but two spoonfuls were all she could swallow.

"I believe," said the one called Lesare, "the young woman is more inclined to rest, than eat; if so, within is a very good bed, where you can repose yourself."

"Aye, aye, go to sleep for a few hours," added the other, "and procure an appetite for your supper; the scoundrel who deceived us had that bed, he will have no further use for it now; do you take warning by what has past; be kind and faithful to us, and you shall want for nothing; but if you don't know your own interest, we shall find *a way to make you comply*;—you understand me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

"*Mulieri ornatus mores sunt, et non ornamenta aurea.*"

Propriety of conduct renders a woman worthy of esteem, and not garments embroidered with gold.

IF we had received our being in any of these barbarous nations where the absurd opinion that women have no souls, was firmly believed: or was the obsolete idea that women were, generally speaking, incapable of mental acquirements, again revived, we might, in some measure, be able to account for the great attention that is paid to external ornaments, and the too apparent neglect of the cultivation of the mind.

It is true, we have seminaries of learning, in which, if we credit report, the fair sex are taught grammar, geography, drawing, music, with a long list of *et ceteræs*—and consequently we would be led to infer, that our young ladies are truly accomplished, and well prepared for *honourably* filling the station for which the Author of their nature kindly designed his *last, best* work; but on a closer examination, we will find that, generally, Miss is only skilled in the *names* of these things, the substance has been neglected, and when the time arrives that she is called upon to practise these accomplishments, which, as is supposed, she has formerly acquired, she is at length undeceived, and finds she has yet to learn.

To remedy this evil, to render woman accomplished, to prepare her for the important station she is designed to fill, to add to her external charms, internal grace, to fill her soul with resources from which undescribable joy will constantly flow, supporting and consoling her under all the troubles and anxieties with which life abounds, to give charms which will never decay, but when the glow of health, the youthful blush, and beauteous shape, are no more—is the task. But it is the task of the parent, and from which no parent has a right to recoil—to them it ever ought to be a

Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing
breast. *Thom. Seas.*

In vain is true improvement expected, in vain do we look for true propriety of conduct, where parents are not the principal teachers—It is from their example, behaviour, and precepts, that the tender mind receives its early bias, and by their assiduous care are just sentiments implanted, nourished and brought to maturity.

A few evenings ago I was introduced to the family of MIRTILLUS, which consists of his wife, two daughters, and a son of about ten years of age. The eldest daughter appeared to have reached her fourteenth year; the other twelve. They were very genteelly dressed, and for some time preserved a becoming silence; but at length they got over their restraint, and both at once began to describe a curious head-dress. Their mama was all attention, and seemed to enjoy as much pleasure from the entertaining subject, as the young Misses themselves. Velvet bonnets were next discussed, and pronounced elegant; while jockey caps, plain bonnets, and straw hats were declared to be *odious, frightful,* and *vulgar*. The subject was pursued, and every part of dress was as accurately examined, and as nicely criticised, as if these little Misses had been directors of fashion, at least for some years.—Mirtillus was engaged, and I spent my time with little Master, who entertained me with a long account of his new wheel-barrow—and that being exhausted, shewed me his scheme for a lottery, in which the highest prize was sixpence, and the price of a ticket only a cent—It is indeed, sir, said the boy, a very fair one; every person has an equal chance, papa drew the scheme for me himself, and the tickets are nearly all sold.

I found the subject of dress was exhausted, and addressing the lady, said, You are blessed I see madam, with a very promising family. Yes sir, I have reason to be thankful, the girls are well enough as the world goes—Maria (who was the elder) shew the gentleman your drawing. Maria obeyed—'Tis very pretty, I hope you understand your grammar, as well as you do drawing. O la, dear sir, I *loves* drawing, but for *grammar*, I wish there was not a grammar in the world; it is of no use, I'm sure, I'll never stand in need of grammar, nor geography neither, will I mama? Indeed I suppose not, my dear: I'm sure, I have never found any hurt from the want of it—I believe 'tis well enough for men to learn such *sorts* of things, but women can do very well without it. And yet Mr.—— says, I must say my grammar, and study geography, and all that—Well, well, my dear, you must not affront him, he's a good sort of a well-meaning man; but he knows little of genteel life—Your quarter will soon be up, and I'll then move you to another academy.—And me too, mama, for I'm sure I *hates* grammar and geography as much as Maria. Yes, and you too my dear, I'll not have you puzzled with such nonsense.—The entrance of my friend MIRTILLUS, put an end to the conversation.

When I returned to my home, I again recalled the subject, and with a sensible concern for the real advantage of the young ladies of PHILADELPHIA, (who, I hope, generally patronize the REPOSITORY) resolved to lay this paper before them, as the *first* of a number which shall be composed for their perusal.

In these papers, the useful branches of education for a female, and their real utility, will be described, and enforced, useful books recommended, and the mode which ought to be pursued, so as to read with advantage, pointed out.

In these essays, the author shall endeavour so to mix the useful and the pleasant, to amuse and inform, as may at least gain him a patient hearing. At the present I shall close this paper with another quotation from my favourite THOMPSON, which I direct to the youths of both sexes.

——"What is the world to them,
It's pomp, it's pleasure, and it's nonsense
all?
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they
look,
Or on the mind, or mind illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven."

A Friend to the Fair Sex.

THE SIGHT OF HOME.

From St. PIERRE's "Studies of Nature."

I Remember, when I arrived in France, in a ship which was returning from the Indies, as soon as the sailors distinguished the land of their nativity, they became almost entirely incapable of attending the ship. Some fixed their eyes upon it, incapable of turning them away; others put on their best clothes, as if they were immediately to disembark: there was some who stood talking to themselves; and others wept. Having been absent during several years, they admired incessantly the verdure of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks of the shore, covered with sea weeds and mosses; as if every object was new to them. The spires of the villages in which they were born, which they recognized among the distant fields, and named one after another, filled them with extacies of joy.—But when the vessel entered the port, and they saw upon the quays their wives and children, who held out their arms, while their eyes were consumed with tears, it was impossible to keep one of them on board; they all leaped ashore, and it was necessary, according to the custom of that port, to hire another set of seaman to bring the ship to anchor.

To the Readers of the Philadelphia Repository.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MESSRS. COMMA & DACTYLE, Wit mongers, and Verse Makers; having entered into a Copartnership, would now inform all Retailers of Rhyme, and others concerned, that they have opened Shop, and have on hand, an extensive assortment of Speeches for Members of Congress who cannot write, with Tutors for the Instruction of those who have never made the Alphabet their study.—To sooth despair they offer to all lovelorn swains, a cure for all their *ills*; Pastoral Poetry, Pathetic Tales, Tender Epistles, Acrostics, and Enigmas; and for the raving deploring *Despondent*, a fresh importation of Select Ideas, to make the "cicatrized heart reponse." Should any dove-hearted husband wish to perpetuate the *incomparable* virtues of a departed spouse, expressive Elegy invites him to an examination.—Should any wit at his wits end, wish a fresh supply of lines *extempore*, by application he may be supplied with the choicest, on every subject, from the reign of the famous Rochester, to the present period.—Couplets to insert in Ladies' Pocket Books, by the groce; old Motto's burnished up to suit the purposes of the present day; with a few parcels of Invocations, Addressess, Excuses, Puffs, direct and indirect, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Messrs. COMMA & DACTYLE also offer their services in the correction of lame Epigrams, tinging them with the true acid of acrimony and malevolence; a few dozen patent Bibs for slobbering critic's; nuts cracked or uncracked, warranted on application to move the muscles of the most moderate.—And for the admirers of ancient inscriptions, we have in our loom, a choice collection of Fragments for telling dire disaster.

The whole set off and well adorned with notes of admiration, interrogation, Italics, mysterious dashes, &c. &c. &c.—Specimens of all which, shall be shewn at future periods.

Porch of Apollo, No. 1.

Shreds of Criticism.

From the Shop of Messrs. Comma & Dactyle.

WE have listened with profound attention, (and by the bye with wonderful patience) to the dismal tale of woe, proceeding from the pen of the disconsolate "Alonzo." The writer of the numbers to which this signature is attached, does not in our opinion "act well his part." Instead of that artless and unrestrained language, which ever accompanies a recital of real affliction; the numbers now before us abound with studied and formal expressions, and with words far above our comprehension, and in the language of the schools, "Quæ non usitata sunt." The chief design of Alonzo appears to be that of tormenting his readers, with hard words, which must have cost him some pains to collect, and which we now inform him, will never turn to his advantage, as an author. His bombastic language reminds us of a story related of Dr. Johnson, who is reported to have been ridiculously fond of all new coined, pedantic or imported words. He informed a friend of his, who was inquiring after his health, that "he had received a severe excoriation of his posteriors from the succacations of a conductitious palfrey;" thereby meaning in intelligent language, that he had been severely galled by the hard trotting of an hired horse. Such language only tends to render the author ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of his readers. We would advise Alonzo therefore if he wishes that his story should create an interest, to array it in a plainer and more natural garb—we hope to see his style in the next number altogether reformed.

ALTHOUGH we hold opinions in direct opposition to Godwin's, "Political Justice," we cannot but remark, that our young Essayest hath commenced the attack rather prematurely.—The positions of a man sophistical by nature, are not to be controverted by a Juvenile Essay, the production of a leisure half hour.—Independent of the want of "legal knowledge," the cobweb texture of the first Essay, promiseth but little toward effecting the author's intention.——We wish not to wound the feelings of the writer, when we tell him that as nature hath done something for him, some ten years study, may render his attempts more pleasing to himself and beneficial to the world. P.

DR. JOHNSON,

When a child of three years old, chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which, it is said, he dictated to his mother the following Epitaph:

Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd one.

MR. HOGAN,

By inserting the following in your Paper, you will much oblige

A Member of the Philosophical Society.

New Discovery in Astronomy.

TWO stars, or planets, have been discovered in the northern hemisphere, since the commencement of the year 1801; they are of considerable magnitude, and have certain revolutions, though not yet strictly ascertained.—A more particular account may be expected in a subsequent publication. This addition to the astronomical world must be very interesting; and will doubtless, serve to immortalize the name of the discoverer.

John Anderson my Joe.

Revised from BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON my Joe, John, when nature first began,
To try her canny hand, John, her master work was man;
And you aboon them a' John, sae trig frae tap to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson my Joe,

And you aboon them a' John, sae trig frae top to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-work, John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when first we were acquaint,
Your locks were like the sloe John, your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the snow;
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my Joe.

But now your locks, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, what pleasure 'tis to see
The young, the lovely brood, John, bred up 'twixt you and me; (to go,
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps
Just makes a heaven here on earth, John Anderson my Joe.

And ilka lad and lass, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, fates up and down we've kent,
Yet aye, what e're our lot, John, we with it were content;
And that's the best of gou'd, John, it frae us ne'er can go,
Tho' gear be scant, love, we'll ne'er want, John Anderson my Joe.
And that's the best of gou'd, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, life's hill we clam the gither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi an anither;
But now we're tott'ring down, John, hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep the gether at the fit, John Anderson my Joe.
But now we're tott'ring down, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when we again awake,
Our bairns we'll collect John, and then our journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John, find friends where'er they go,
And seraph's bright shall guide us right, John Anderson my Joe.
For hearts devoid of guile, &c.

TO MARIA.

WITH rapture long I've listened to thy lays,
Too long forborne thy high deserts to praise,
For who that loves the sweetly vocal song,
Pouring its fascinating notes along,
Can hear unmov'd your artless numbers flow,
Melting in gratitude and fabled woe!
I know thee well—nay never start nor fear,
For virtues such as thine, all hearts revere.
Thy "lonely cell, MARIA?"—charming fair!
Modest and mild, concealment is thy care—
Can affluence and elegance inspire
Such plaintive music for thy trembling lyre?
Thy beauty, station, and thy merit claim,
Distinguished honours, and the meed of fame.

RAYMOND.

GERMANTOWN, }
FEBRUARY 3d. }

NUTS TO CRACK.

QUEST. A lad having got 4000 nuts, in his return home was met by *Mad Tom*, who took from him $\frac{1}{4}$ of $\frac{3}{3}$ of his whole stock. *Raving Ned* lights on him afterwards, and forced $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{1}{8}$ of the remainder from him; unluckily, *Positive Jack* found him, and required $\frac{7}{10}$ of $\frac{17}{20}$ of what he had left. *Smiling Dolly* was, by promise, to have $\frac{1}{4}$ of a quarter of what nuts he had brought home. *How many then had the Boy left?*

The Temple of Hilarity.

ZACHARIAH was sitting by the fire, perusing very attentively the works of an eminent philosopher, to which study he had a peculiar propensity—His father reclined at ease in the elbow chair. "Zachary," says he, "what becomes of the old moons when the new ones appear." "Why father," after a short pause, replied the ingenious young student, "they are cut up into stars."—"Aye, indeed!" said his father, "I never once thought of that—how strange! Every generation grows wiser and wiser."

OCTAVIUS.

Letter from a PRINTER *in Love to his* MISTRESS.

Dear Miss Vellum,

AFTER having taken a *critical review* of your person, I really think that nature has given in you a very *correct edition* of female beauty: you want no *supplements* from art, to enlarge the *catalogue* of your charms. The *appendix* of paint could add no allurement to your face. You have made such an *impression* upon my heart, without any decorations and illuminations, that the *stamp* of love can never be *erased*. Most ardently, therefore, do I wish to have so fine an *original* in my possession, that I may multiply *copies* from it, and increase the family of the *types*.

I hope you will take this *preface* in good part, were I to write a *volume* in your praise, I could not say more to the purpose, every *page* would be an *addition* indeed, but it could not be an *improvement*.

I long much to have you in *sheets*;—but here, as in decency *bound*, I think it highly proper to make a—*full stop*,

EPIGRAMS.

An upstart fop, once bragging much,
Of lords and ladies, and none-such,
That in his *time*, he'd daily seen;
In the grand company he had been.
A wit, who knew him, cries out, "Oh tut! man,
It's true, you were lord Chatham's footman."

TO A SPENDTHRIFT DISINHERITED.

His whole estate, thy father by his will,
Gave to the poor—thou hast good title still,

Here lies my wife, here may she lie,
For she's at rest, and so am I.

The Monitor.

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

IT is he who confers a benefit who thers its most precious fruit.

The happiness or unhappiness of life depends more on little circumstances or interests of the heart, than on the events apparent of the greatest importance.

How few reflect how much our virtues depend on our situation.

Many women wish to appear lively because they think it gives them an air of youth and wit; but, vivacity, which is not the result of these, only places folly in a more distinguished point of view.

When I wish to judge the character of a man, whom I have time to study, I always enquire in the first place, whether he has preserved his earliest friends.

Cards are an amusement which idleness and ignorance have rendered necessary, they are only proper for those who neither know how to think or converse; but the necessity of being always speaking is as fatiguing as that of always playing. I hate those companies in which we are only allowed to utter bon mots.

From the Athenian Oracle.

[*The editor has been politely favoured by a gentleman of this city with a perusal of this valuable work, from which extracts will occasionally be given.—He would thank any gentleman for an account of the society with whom it originated.*]

Quest. Why are women more subject to passions than men?

Ans. Those who have not so great a respect for their sex as we profess to have, will pretend 'tis from the weakness of their reason.—We rather turn it to their commendation; whatever the malicious world says, we are willing to believe they are more open and free than our own sex are, and cannot dissemble so well, for men are certainly much oftener in a passion, only they are, for the most part, the better hypocrites, and in both senses, know better how to dissemble a passion.—In this we would be understood of hatred, anger, revenge, and the other ill-natured perturbations; in which, and all others—setting gentle love aside—the ladies may, without any injury to themselves, give our sex the pre-eminence.

PHILADELPHIA, January 31.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MR. E. CONRAD, *by whom this paper was originally established, proposing to remove to the country, the editorial duties of course devolves wholly on the subscriber. The principles on which it is to be conducted, its plan and execution are already before the public, and shall not be here enumerated. The Editor would not consider it necessary at this time to address his subscribers, were it not that he wishes to remove a wrong impression, which he understands prevails in the minds of some of them, with respect to the* monthly *payments. In the original proposals, it was simply stated, that the price would be* one quarter of a dollar per month; *and from thence they have inferred, that there would be but* twelve *payments collected in the* year. *The expressions are certainly not sufficiently definite. But that this was not the intention of the proprietor, and that it would be injurious both to him and the subscribers themselves, will be evident from the following consideration, viz. Many persons are in the habit of subscribing by the* month only; *now (on the plan supposed,) there must be at the end of every* 3 months *an additional number given; therefore such persons would receive* five *papers for* 25 *cents, to the loss of the proprietor, and to the evident detriment of those who continue subscribers throughout the year. It will therefore be understood, that the terms of this paper are* 25 *cents for every* four numbers; *and to those who pay in advance,* three dollars per year. *Subscribers out of the city, always paying in advance, or procuring some person in Philadelphia, to become responsible for the payment every month.....But, as the Editor would be sorry to disappoint the expectations of any of his subscribers, he will,* once a month, *give an additional quantity of matter, either a* song set to music, *or something equivalent—This it is apprehended will obviate the difficulty on both sides.*

The Public are respectfully informed, that the Carriers are prohibited from taking subscribers in their books, as it has been found necessary, in order to keep clear accounts, that every person wishing to subscribe, or those who may wish to discontinue their subscriptions, should make application at the Office.

The Editor acknowledges with gratitude, the the liberal patronage he has received from the Citizens of PHILADELPHIA *in his present undertaking; and congratulates his Subscribers on the pleasing prospect of the permanent establishment of the* PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY—*And he considers himself bound, in a particular manner, to notice the polite and friendly attentions of a Gentleman in this City, and his friend in* NEW-CASTLE, *through whose means, in the course of but a few days, the subscription list of the* PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY *has received an accession of* 44 *signatures, of persons of the first respectability in that flourishing Village. To those two gentlemen, therefore, as well as to the subscribers, who have honoured him with such liberal patronage, he thus publicly presents his most grateful acknowledgments.*

DAVID HOGAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN interview with "*Messrs. Comma and Dactyle*" is requested.

"*Rolla*" will appear in the next number.

Also, further communications from "*R. W.*"

We hope particulars respecting the interesting "*Discovery in Astronomy*" will be given soon.

*** The MUSIC will be found in an extra sheet.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3d.

The French Convention was ratified this day in the Senate, with a limitation of eight years, and with the exception of the second article. There was one vote more than the requisite two-thirds, for its ratification. *Phil. Gaz.*

WEDNESDAY NEXT is the day appointed by the Constitution for deciding the important question—WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT? which so much agitates the public mind at present.—On the 30 ult. Mr. Bayard laid on the table of the House of Representatives of the United States, a resolution, that the House, in case of an election devolving on them, should proceed immediately to vote in their own chamber for a President, agreeable to the mode prescribed by the Constitution. And if it should appear upon counting the votes, that no person had a constitutional majority of the votes, (viz. nine states) the House should again proceed to ballot; and if such choice could not be made in one day, that the ballot should continue from day to day, without the interruption of other business, until a President is chosen.

The Senate have sanctioned the nomination of Gen. Marshall, as Chief Justice of the United States.

John Nicholas, Esquire, one of the present members of Congress from the state of Virginia, declines taking a poll in the election of members to the next Congress.

The Senate of Pennsylvania have appointed Samuel M. Fox, Michael Keppele, and Charles Jolly, Esquires, Directors of the Bank of Pennsylvania for the present year.

A RESOLVE of the BOARD of HEALTH, (agreeably to the 23d Section of the Health Law) was published on the 2d inst. recommending to the Citizens of Philadelphia, the District of Southwark, and the Townships of the Northen Liberties and Moyamensing, to cause their privies within the limits aforesaid to be corrected with lime, and also the removing all nuisances and offensive matter, that may be in and near their respective premises, and when any exist, to give the proper information to the Health Office.

The Mayor of Philadelphia, has appointed Adam Hains inspector of fire wood, for the City of Philadelphia.

About 9 o'clock, on Saturday morning, an infant was discovered dead in the Dock below the Drawbridge. It is supposed to have fallen a victim to an abandoned, inhuman mother!

The number of FIRES that have taken place, within this few weeks past, in various parts of the United States are unprecedented. Almost every day has produced fresh accounts of some dire disaster from that destructive element.

Marriages.

MARRIED—Lewis Clapier, esq. merchant, to Miss Heyl, daughter of Mr. George Heyl, of this City.

———By Robert Wharton, esq. Mr. Chamless Allen, merchant, to Mrs. Rachel Wharton, both of this City.

———At Columbia, Lancaster county, by the Rev. Joseph Anderson, Peter de Haven, esq. of Delaware county, to Miss Sarah E. Atlee, of Columbia.

Deaths.

DIED—On Monday last, Mr. James Carey, Printer, of this City.

———In the 54th year of his age, Mr. Jacob Lahn, late editor of the German paper, printed in Lancaster, entitled, "Americanishe Staatsbothe."

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the *Philadelphia Repository*.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF AN *Unfortunate Prostitute.*

A WRETCHED victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life, on humble bed of clay,
The last and only refuge of my woes,
A lost!—love ruined female! I repose.
From th' sad hour I listened to his charms,
And fell, half forc'd, into perfidious arms,
To that whose awful veil hides every fault,
Shelt'ring my sufferings in this welcome vault. (drink,
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think;
I durst not look on what I was before;
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more: (pow'r,
Nor could rejected conscience claim the
T' impose the impulse of one secret hour;
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,— (haunt.
My home a brothel—and the street my
Full sev'n long years of infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind; (through,
'Till the full course of sin and vice gone
My shatter'd fabric failed at twenty-two:
Then death with every horror in his train,
Here clos'd the scene of riot, guilt, & pain.
Ye fair associates of my opening bloom,
Oh! come and weep, and profit at my tomb; (prove,
Let *my* short youth, and blighted beauty
Your antidote against unlawful love.
Oh! think how quick my foul career I ran,
The dupe of passion, vanity, and man:
Then shun the paths where gay delusions shine,
Be *your's* the lesson!—sad experience *mine*,
And let me leave one hint, ye giddy swains,
For you, who to deceive us take such pains;
Think how you'll shudder at the bar of God,
When justice smites with his vindictive rod.

R. W.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A MORAL.

THERE was a man whose tongue would run
Incessantly to blame the sun;
While others prais'd its glorious light,
This man deny'd it was so bright.
The reason why he shew'd this spleen,
This blessed light he'd never seen;
Nor would believe a thing could be,
Which he (though blind) could never see.
And thus it is with all mankind,
With light that only strikes the mind;
The light of truth like light of eye,
Whilst they've not seen they will deny,
Yet cannot tell the reason why.

R. W.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

Herewith, I send you an article of holiday amusement, to puzzle your Correspondents, and whet their wits; and shall be obliged to you to admit it, and communicate such answer as may be furnished; which will oblige your constant reader,

RIGDUN JUNIDOS.

A RIDDLE.

IN the morn when I rise, I open my eyes,
Tho' I sleep not a wink in the night;
If I wake e'er so soon, I still lie 'till noon,
And pay no regard to the light.

I have loss, I have gain, I have pleasure and pain,
And am punished with many a stripe;
To diminish my woe, I burn friend and foe,
And the evening I close with a pipe.

I travel abroad, and ne'er miss the road,
Unless I am met by a stranger;
If you come in my way, as you very well may,
You will always be subject to danger.

I am chaste, I am young, I am lusty and strong,
And my habit oft change in a day;
To court I ne'er go, am no lady nor beau,
Yet as frail and fantastic as they.

I live but short time, and die in my prime,
Lamented by all who possess me;
If I add any more, to what's gone before,
I fear you will easily guess me.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Ode to Despair.

ADDRESS'D TO LAURA.

O THOU! whose ever anxious breast,
Like dashing billows, knows no rest:
I hail thee! pale despair—
I hear thy wild pathetic sighs,
I see thy haggard bloodshot eyes,
And long dishell'd hair.

Thy changeful mind; what can assuage?
Now burning with impetuous rage,
To slay the phantom foe:—
Then mute; as if 'twere death's command,
I see thee like Niobe stand,
Congeal'd with sullen woe.

Oft when the tempests howl around,
While thunders pour their dreadful sound,
And vivid light'ning flies:
In every flash I see thy form.
And from the shipwreck, in the storm,
Is heard thy mingling cries.

'Tis thou who from Leucadia's height,
Hurl'd Sappho down! the fond delight,
Of all Apollo's train.
Her numbers breath'd love's purest fire,
And when her fingers touch'd the lyre;
'Twas music's softest strain.

'Twas thine own hand; ah wretch unblest!
That plung'd in Dido's downy breast,
The faithless Trojan's sword.
The beauteous queen dissolv'd in tears,
The Lesbian maids pathetic pray'rs,
Thy mercy! 'vain implor'd.

Oft in the moon's pale checquering light,
Where willows weep!—at dead of night,
Is heard, thy mournful lay!—
From thee, on cliff, or church-yard green,
Or wheresoe'er thy form is seen;
Hope ever flies away.

But yet *one friend*, shall set thee free,
Tho' *foe* to all the world but thee—
He'll calm thy troubled mind:
For when within the human breast
Thy hands have rear'd a thorny nest,
Death follows close behind.

DE LA RUE.

The reader is requested to correct the following errors (of the press) in the verses, signed DE LA RUE, *published in the last number of the Repository, viz. in the last line for* in *read* to; *and in the next line above, expunge the letter* s *in the words* droops *and* fades; *so that they may read thus:*

Mine droop and fade! but thine shall rise,
For ever fair to Laura's eyes.

☞ The Editor acknowledges his obligations to *De La Rue* for his communications; they appear to be correct, and well written; but he cannot comply with his request of republishing the address to Laura. The alterations he wishes introduced, would no doubt render the poem more perspicuous; but its republication would establish a *very dangerous precedent.*

*** Subscriptions for this Paper received at the office, *No.* 51, *South Third-street*, [illegible] 6¼ *cents* each number, payable every four weeks; or *three dollars* a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, when it becomes due.